

IN PLATEAU CIRCLES

Hopes For St. Anthony Line Said to Have Vanished.

MARKET LAKE JUBILANT

IMPROVEMENT WORK ON SHORT LINE BEGUN IN IDAHO.

Rumored Boycott In Interest of Union Pacific-Elkhorn's Methods Cause Dissatisfaction - English Train to Run Three Miles Per Minute-Discredited U. & P. Story.

The Market Lake Sentinel, in running this combination of news, wit and sarcasm, led off with the caption: "No railroad this year. St. Anthony will go blind looking for it." The column was headed with a "thoroughbred rooster in defiant attitude." It says, regarding the Short Line's much-talked-of line from St. Anthony:

It is now time for St. Anthonyites to take a back seat and permit a good healthy crow on the part of Market Lake. St. Anthony has been plotting Market Lake as a sidetrack for some time past, all because they thought Dad Moon's money and the wind of their whole crowd would be used to build a railroad from Idaho Falls to the temporary county seat of Fremont county, with the consent and possible aid of the U. S. L.

But their fond hopes have been knocked away west, shattered beyond repair. On Monday last the Short Line shipped in a car of sand without saying anything to St. Anthony about it and unloaded it opposite to where they are going to erect a seventy-five-foot addition to their line and depot, to be used as a coal house for their freight train. The sand did not come from St. Anthony, so they have lost some of their wind in due time and recover and spread sails, only to have them again punctured.

Under the plan which will be erected at once, the company will put in more sidetracks and a spur to the freight road, so that they can come and go and placed in the depot at any time.

The fact of the matter is, that during all this railroad talk, the Short Line has only been taking advantage of the usual precautionary measure in securing a right of way as an open-door policy. When a man shows an inclination to come and engage in business, don't discourage him by taking all his money for a couple of horse jobs. Better far to give him the if he will put up a building of reasonable dimensions. No town ever can grow on the plan of curtailing when newcomers are in sight. Now is the appointed time for the town to forego and get in the harness for the race to the county seat. There is no reason why we shouldn't have a healthy growth from now on.

WILL BOYCOTT THE ELKHORN.

Report From Wyoming That Sheepmen Have No Use For the Road.

Word comes from Hailey, Wyo., that the sheepmen of the vicinity are very much disaffected with the treatment received at the hands of the Elkhorn road, and are contemplating a boycott of no small proportions. They propose, hereafter, to ship their wool in the regular Union Pacific line, means considerable to the latter road, especially at present, with the prospect of a large increase in the number of sheep at Hailey, from which it is estimated, the wool clip will be 100,000 pounds in addition to the 150,000 mutton sheep will be shipped to market from that section.

THREE MILES A MINUTE.

Remarkable Claim For An English Projector's New Road.

The New York Sun has this very interesting story of speed in modern railroading:

An English inventor has built a railroad, the wheels of which run regularly at the rate of 100 miles an hour and frequently attain a speed of from two to three miles a minute. And it is a practical achievement, with full-sized cars, capable of carrying 100 passengers each, so practical, in fact, that it has been decided to build a line on his new system between Liverpool and Manchester, and the "Lightning Express Railway." It will make the distance of about thirty miles in twenty minutes. The inventor, Mr. E. H. B. Smith, claims that his system will run at a speed of two miles a minute.

The trains run on a single track, set several feet above the ground, and are propelled by electricity. The cars resemble a motor car, with wheels set back under the part that answers for the thin carriage, and are built with great wheels, so that it cannot jump the track along which it is propelled.

When on the Liverpool and Manchester road will begin within a few months. The first line of the kind built by Mr. Behr, near Brussels, has been in operation several months.

REMARKABLY OBSERVED.

Report That Utah & Pacific Was a "Political Scheme."

The Picoe (Nev.) Messenger publishes the following, noticeable for its absurdity: "To say that the building of the Utah & Pacific is a political scheme is a ridiculous statement. It is a true fact that the people who believe it to be true had any idea as to the amount of money put into the project this far, their eyes would be different. Here is the item: The latest report from the railroad extension is that all the laborers have gone on a strike for better wages and everything about it is a scandal, which means that the project is a failure. Some claim that it is only a dodge and means that further building will be discontinued. Others assert that the whole scheme was simply a political ploy, and was sure to end with the electoral votes. The road has been extended fifteen miles south of Lund and about fifty miles from Milford and it certainly is not plausible that this important enterprise has collapsed.

To be sure, the enterprise has not collapsed. On the contrary, the officials have added additional money with every day for the past two weeks, to hurry its completion. If the road is ever completed, with the laborers' ever duration of wages, the same has not been reported, and even if it is true, it certainly does not follow that the project is a failure. The Utah & Pacific is going through, and the use rapidly as possible, and will prove one of the greatest boons Utah has ever known.

PORT STEELE TO DILLON.

Story of Union Pacific's Project Given Color-Coal Mine Purchase.

(Rawlins Journal-Democrat.)

For a week or more a rumor has been floating around to the effect that the Union Pacific intended to build a line from Port Steele through to Dillon, Mont. There is probably more to the report than rumor, although we believe that a better route will be found from this city than from Port Steele.

As tangible evidence that there is "something in the wind" the railroad company has purchased the Kindt coal mine property on the line to Saratoga. The sale was consummated through a local promoter, who is quite reticent about the matter.

As the mine is far from the railroad it is safe to assume that the company expects to build through that section soon. A railroad from either this city or Steele to the mine could be a great boon to the growth and prosperity of the county seat.

U. P. In Demand.

At the St. Louis meeting of the Western Passenger association, the other day, when the Union Pacific refused to join, a leading officer of one of the western lines is quoted as saying: "We have learned from experience that a passenger association without the Union Pacific and other trans-Missouri lines is not worth maintaining." I regard our association as

REDUCTION OF GRADES

That Is What the Utah Batteries Are Wearing.

ADAMORATION OF THE ARMY

AND THE TERROR OF THEIR TREACHEROUS FOES.

Major Young's Masterly Work With the Artillery-Valor of the Ammunition and Commissary Men, When Fighting Their Way to the Firing Line at Night.

Near Manila, Feb. 14. It has come to pass. The war is now raging, and the sounds of the conflict echo through the Philippines.

The last few hours have formed a tragic war chapter. Four thousand black barbarians, to state it mildly, have come to the Place Beyond, and over 100 brave Americans have been sacrificed to Filipino perfidy and treachery.

Returned to this point only a few hours ago from the firing line, and have only time to present a short story of what shrapnel, shell and Utah did in the light with the black demons.

Hostilities had been looked for for several days. These dastardly islanders were becoming more boastful and belligerently insolent. They showed the same vindictive hatred for the Americans, who approached them with the olive branch, that they had previously shown for the erstwhile oppressors whose amenities towards them had been the most generous.

They had gradually tightened their lines around the American sentries and finally formed an aggressive crescent from Malate to Panunpong. The Americans frequently showed that they were sharpshooters at the post of sentries. The Filipinos pushed their outposts forward until, in several localities, a big American and an unbroken line of sentries in parallel lines on opposite sides of the same bridges. Filipinos filled the long line of block houses from which they had been driven out of active form and in a few months before. Their sanctuaries, with the abettals of the perfidious priests, were used as store houses for munitions of war. The immense amount of war implements they had been able to garner was an astounding thing, when their Mauser missiles met the tumult of the Krag-Jorgensen, volley for volley.

Their attitude had become so violent at the Nebraska camp that two of our guns, under command of Lieutenant Webb, had been stationed at the Santa Mesa, a low series of hills to the east of Manila, and the right of our lines. At about 10 o'clock on the night of Feb. 4, the voice of an American sentry was raised on the Santa Mesa bridge, commanding a Filipino officer to halt. The officer replied with some insolent invective and kept moving. There was a crack of a Krag-Jorgensen, and the Filipino officer fell dead. That single shot in the night was the signal to islander and American alike. From the Filipino lines came instantly a sharp, vicious fire, and through the night the big war was on, after every human effort.

In ten minutes there was a tremendous tumult. Infantrymen dashed into the night and faced the Mausers at the firing line. All Utah's guns except two went crashing and pounding towards the province. Soon over the whole smoky war had opened its many months. Down near Malate the Callao and Monadnock charged the insurgent stormtroops.

The incessant roar continued until dawn. All night we listened to the thunder of artillery, the clattering roar of countless musketry volleys and the crash of the exploding shells. The streets there were frequent brushes between ambushed Filipinos and parties on patrol. Several shots from the windows of the houses on the roadside and the roofs of the buildings and roof of the cauter. In the morning the dead bodies of the Filipinos showed where these sharp night struggles had ended. Every Filipino who had been in the firing line was an ambush for concealed insurgents, armed with their long, roughly made knives, machetes and the dreaded Mauser. Ammunition and cartridges were scattered all over the road were all open to the sinister fire, and only those heroes who passed through that hell can describe it. This through the night, the Filipinos were the next day. After that the victorious Americans swept the enemy from their path and used the torch to devastate these individual arsenals.

The Filipinos, who had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion. They had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion. They had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion.

By noon they were retreating towards far provinces, their blockhouses lay demolished under the hammering of the Utah guns and the irresistible onslaught of the black demons. And as they fled, came the brave Americans, who had fought in the open against the fighting Nebraska infantry in the darkness, the piece and shattered the gun, were driven into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

REDOUBT OF CUNNING

That Is What the Utah Batteries Are Wearing.

ADAMORATION OF THE ARMY

AND THE TERROR OF THEIR TREACHEROUS FOES.

Major Young's Masterly Work With the Artillery-Valor of the Ammunition and Commissary Men, When Fighting Their Way to the Firing Line at Night.

Near Manila, Feb. 14. It has come to pass. The war is now raging, and the sounds of the conflict echo through the Philippines.

The last few hours have formed a tragic war chapter. Four thousand black barbarians, to state it mildly, have come to the Place Beyond, and over 100 brave Americans have been sacrificed to Filipino perfidy and treachery.

Returned to this point only a few hours ago from the firing line, and have only time to present a short story of what shrapnel, shell and Utah did in the light with the black demons.

Hostilities had been looked for for several days. These dastardly islanders were becoming more boastful and belligerently insolent. They showed the same vindictive hatred for the Americans, who approached them with the olive branch, that they had previously shown for the erstwhile oppressors whose amenities towards them had been the most generous.

They had gradually tightened their lines around the American sentries and finally formed an aggressive crescent from Malate to Panunpong. The Americans frequently showed that they were sharpshooters at the post of sentries. The Filipinos pushed their outposts forward until, in several localities, a big American and an unbroken line of sentries in parallel lines on opposite sides of the same bridges. Filipinos filled the long line of block houses from which they had been driven out of active form and in a few months before. Their sanctuaries, with the abettals of the perfidious priests, were used as store houses for munitions of war. The immense amount of war implements they had been able to garner was an astounding thing, when their Mauser missiles met the tumult of the Krag-Jorgensen, volley for volley.

Their attitude had become so violent at the Nebraska camp that two of our guns, under command of Lieutenant Webb, had been stationed at the Santa Mesa, a low series of hills to the east of Manila, and the right of our lines. At about 10 o'clock on the night of Feb. 4, the voice of an American sentry was raised on the Santa Mesa bridge, commanding a Filipino officer to halt. The officer replied with some insolent invective and kept moving. There was a crack of a Krag-Jorgensen, and the Filipino officer fell dead. That single shot in the night was the signal to islander and American alike. From the Filipino lines came instantly a sharp, vicious fire, and through the night the big war was on, after every human effort.

In ten minutes there was a tremendous tumult. Infantrymen dashed into the night and faced the Mausers at the firing line. All Utah's guns except two went crashing and pounding towards the province. Soon over the whole smoky war had opened its many months. Down near Malate the Callao and Monadnock charged the insurgent stormtroops.

The incessant roar continued until dawn. All night we listened to the thunder of artillery, the clattering roar of countless musketry volleys and the crash of the exploding shells. The streets there were frequent brushes between ambushed Filipinos and parties on patrol. Several shots from the windows of the houses on the roadside and the roofs of the buildings and roof of the cauter. In the morning the dead bodies of the Filipinos showed where these sharp night struggles had ended. Every Filipino who had been in the firing line was an ambush for concealed insurgents, armed with their long, roughly made knives, machetes and the dreaded Mauser. Ammunition and cartridges were scattered all over the road were all open to the sinister fire, and only those heroes who passed through that hell can describe it. This through the night, the Filipinos were the next day. After that the victorious Americans swept the enemy from their path and used the torch to devastate these individual arsenals.

The Filipinos, who had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion. They had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion. They had been so confident in their own strength, were now in a state of confusion.

By noon they were retreating towards far provinces, their blockhouses lay demolished under the hammering of the Utah guns and the irresistible onslaught of the black demons. And as they fled, came the brave Americans, who had fought in the open against the fighting Nebraska infantry in the darkness, the piece and shattered the gun, were driven into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the bridge the natives were attempting to manipulate an old piece of artillery, but a shrapnel shell from the hill shattered the piece and scattered the gun crew, driving the remnants of artillery shells hundreds of yards. The gunnery of N. Margrets and the courage of Lieutenant Webb and Sergeant Fisher and the men were superb.

The artillerymen on the hill meanwhile were under a shower of singing Mausers, each roar of our guns being answered by a volley of musketry, aimed directly at the firing line. The guns of the Nebraska infantry were being fired by the Nebraska infantry, who were being fired by the Nebraska infantry.

At dawn the 22-inch guns were roared into the thick jungle below. The bridge was the pivotal point upon which all eyes were turned. By a tremendous effort the Filipinos gained it, but were almost instantly driven back by the fire from Utah's big guns. At the